



# The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.  
Friday Morning, January 4, 1873.

1873.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-five is present. Eighteen hundred and twenty-four "step down and out." Gid, you old deal beat, with your bad colds, stone-brutes, drouth and grass-hoppers. Give us a rest.

C. S. H. H. Home.

The amount of work already accomplished along the line of the Cincinnati Southern railroad is remarkable. Nearly one-hundred miles of the way through Kentucky is graded and ready for the tie. Of this, there are nine miles graded in Scott county, and thirty-nine in Lincoln. The attempt of the disturbers of the peace of the Trustees in Cincinnati to stop the work has signally failed. The bridge at Cincinnati, which the Trustees have decided to build, will not cost in excess of \$1,000,000. The Lexington Press says:

"It appears that there was a movement in the part of Northern and Eastern railroad corporations to get possession of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, and Gen. Stuart, of New York, came out in their interest, and representing them to examine into affairs. But it turned out that they were misled, by the baldile in the Cincinnati newspaper, into a belief that work on the undertaking had been discontinued by the Trustees. Their object was to have connection with the railroads of Georgia, of which they are partners. They hope to secure such a connection through the South from Cincinnati. They are perfectly willing, as it is to their interest, to build the portion of the road from the Kentucky line to Knoxville, if the Trustees will construct to the Kentucky State line. This, of course they can do. Their ten millions will at least carry them that far. And in the event of that arrangement being adopted, Clatanooga will be left for a time without connection with the Cincinnati Southern."

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds of the papers to the effect that Hedges was the sixth man whom Best has killed. I know not how correct that may be as to the number, but it is certain that several have fallen by his hand, the law in every instance, I believe, being on his side. If, as the action of the examining court and the facts seem to indicate, he killed his men in self-defense and justifiably, he has been a singularly unfortunate man. There is nothing about his appearance or manner to stamp him as a bad or bloodthirsty man. Ebenezer, or Nees Best, as he is generally called, is probably between forty-five and fifty years of age, of good medium-sized man, somewhat inclined to flesh, and of agreeable manners and address. He is well-known as a trader in stock through Garrard and the adjoining counties, and I believe, looked upon by most of those who have had transactions with him, as well as by his acquaintances generally, as a fair man, and by no means difficult to get along with.—*Lex. Co. to Courier Journal.*

If Modern Spiritualism, as it is called, doesn't receive its quietus from the developments and exposures recently made, and still going on in the Eastern cities, then surely the fool-killer hasn't done his duty lately in this country and should be held to a strict accountability. No other treatment is fit for such as can't see by the light lately furnished, that the whole spiritualistic movement, including especially "spirit materialization," is an infamous fraud and a stupid humbug, leading directly to spiritualism, insatiability, and a whole Pandora's box of similar evils. And yet, it is claimed, and we see, in effect admitted by some of our Eastern contemporaries, that there are eleven millions (?) of people in the United States—eleven out of forty odd, or one-fourth—who are more or less committed to a belief in the leading tenets of these mischievous Spiritualists, who have the effrontery to call themselves "advanced thinkers." Of course this is a most superlative exaggeration.—*Frankfort* *Democrat*.

The Row at Versailles Christmas was not so serious as at first represented. One colored man was killed and another badly wounded, and Deputy Marshal and a special policeman badly though not fatally beaten.

We PRE-PAY POSTAGE—Under the new Postal law, no postage is to be paid on papers circulating in the county of publication. On papers going to subscribers out of this country, we pre-pay the postage.

The Congressional Committee sent to the States of Louisiana and Mississippi, to investigate the Southern troubles, will close their labors soon, and if an impartial verdict be given, it will prove adverse to the usurpers.

There are twenty-three candidates for Governor, seventeen for Lieutenant Governor, and about fifteen for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, with several precincts and a few buck counties to hear from.

The Louisville Commercial understands that Hon. Harrison Cook will intend to contest the election of Hon. John D. White in the 9th Congressional District of this State.

The Courier Journal will be universally interesting for the next few weeks. It has promised a series of editorials upon the Common School system of Kentucky.

The new Christian church at Nicholasville will be opened next Sunday, when the venerable H. Franklin will commence in its protracted meeting.

In Lexington last Saturday, Joseph Shaw, was shot and killed by Robert Holloway, in the bar-room of the St. Nicholas Hotel.

THE telegraph line from Lancaster to Richmond will be up in a few days.

A QUANTITY of Irish, general news will be found on our first page.

## LANCASER NEWS.

Bear and Conn have not been arrested. It is probable that Best will come to trial in course of time, but it is announced that Conn has fled the country.

THE report which gained wide circulation last week, to the effect that the Kennedy's and Best's had met in Lancaster and had a bloody fight, was a mischievous falsehood.

A SPECIAL term of the Garrard Circuit Court is in session for the trial of criminal cases, and will continue several weeks. The trial of parties in Lincoln county for participation in the late "war of races" in Lancaster, will take place on the 13th day of the term.

We have cheering news from Lancaster this week. A new order of things is about to set up, and a beginning of the end of lawlessness is about to dawn upon our long suffering, tormented neighbors. The power of the arm that strikes for self-preservation, and the order and peace of a community, will shortly be felt by the ruffians that have brought reproach upon a quiet and orderly people. The good citizens of Lancaster have determined to no longer submit to have their town made a battle ground by certain blood-thirsty denizens of the county. They have resolved to protect the good name of their town by force of arms in the future, and we learn that they have armed and equipped themselves for that purpose. Bravo!

(Conclusion of Lucien Young's letter.)

Algiers, the next place at which we touched, we found the most delightful of any in Northern Africa. The French element makes the society pleasant, and the mildness of the climate in winter, makes this a popular place of resort. The prevailing winds are from the North; but at certain seasons the hot blasts from the Sahara Desert, although they continue but a few days, blast vegetation, and render the atmosphere unpleasant and unhealthy. The mild season extends from March to June; the hottest from July to November. In February vegetation is flourishing. Fruits of all kinds abound, and are the most delicious in the world. Tobacco is largely cultivated. Indian corn grows about eighteen inches high; as they plant every month, they have a crop all the year. The palm tree is very valuable, the fruit being an important article for food, while the leaves are made into baskets, mats, &c. The people—except the French colonists—are much like those of Morocco. If you take off your shoes they will permit you to enter their Mosques. I availed myself of the privilege. Their worship consists mainly in ablations from the "Holy Fountain." The women are not permitted to enter there. The Barbers, or original mountaineers, compose the greater part of the population, and are a set of faithless and cruel robbers. The Moors are a hardy race derived from a mixture of the various stocks. The Arabs who live in villages are called Moors—those in tents Bedouins. The county was originally inhabited by the Numidians—passed successively into the hands of Romans, Vandals, and Spaniards, and by the conquest of Barbaros, fell under the power of the Turks, who subjected all Christians to tribute. This was terminated by the conquest of the country by France, to which it now belongs. The commanding of various has had a marked effect on the physique of this people. The dawning and debilitating influence of intermarriage with near relations has been corrected, and they have culminated in a nation of soldiers, cut-throats, and pirates, large finely formed, hardy and treacherous. The French have greatly improved this country; but from the warlike spirit of the natives, they are compelled to maintain an army here of 40,000 men. The city is built on the north slope of a hill, the French quarter being nearest the water. In this portion the houses are built amphitheatrically, with large fine colonnades along the water front. The streets and drives run along on the top of the houses; and underneath is a subterranean passage from barracks to barracks across entirely the city, through which the soldiers pass. This was designed by an Englishman, and is one the finest pieces of engineering I ever saw. The city is partially enclosed by a wall 12 feet thick and 30 feet high, which is strengthened by four castles and bastioned batteries. The population is about 120,000. Here, centuries ago, the first Catholic church in these regions was commenced. The Mohammedans, their Prophets predicted it would never be finished, and so it never was.

From Algiers we steamed around to Tunis, another in the gold ring, the third in size. The port of Tunis is a fine harbor, with a wall 12 feet thick and 30 feet high, with bastions and towers, containing 1,500 inhabitants, distinguished for its beauty. The city is built on the hills, and the houses are built in the form of terraces, with a great variety of prettiness. The momentum of free and gushing gladness is ended now, and the world has returned to its wonted wheel-scarred track of care and labor. Yet, many a heart is bounding free, and many a pulse is playing with more healthful blood, and many a spirit feels a new-born buoyancy, from these brief hours of recession. Merry Christmas—our childhood's mystery—our boyhood's carnival—our manhood's monitor—our wife's green oasis in the desert. Past—wise my memory still!

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STATE OF KENTUCKY, COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

This is to give notice that Samuel Engleman, resident of Lincoln county, on the 1st day of October, 1872, died, aged 80 years, and was buried at his residence, in the town of Paintsville, in the state of Kentucky.

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He was a man



#### A TUNE FROM HEAVEN.

The sun is down, the shadows draw; My form is weary and my soul oppressed; I faint beneath the burden that I bear.  
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."  
I hate would come; but of my wading feet Turn from the narrow path, that leads to Thee; Turn blinding are the storms that round me here; As thy day is, even so thy strength shall be.  
So chill the wind, as burns the cold, From every bosom, let the frost melt; And kindly shower, make, God shall give increase."  
With, little, murmuring, waitless to turn, When have I deserved? Lost, my spirit grieves That I have grieved so little through the years.  
"Then yet mayest come rejoicing, bring me news."  
Appling shivers gather round my way; To the darkness of a station night; Perplexed, he flings, I may groan; "The Lord shall be thine everlasting light."

From me no sound; My head is filled with dread; And deathless terror as my way I tread; Must I leave this earthly path so brief?  
"Lo, I am with you always to the end."

The end is near. The river, deep and wide,  
That I must cross my onward soul alarms! My feet are slipping in the rushing tide;  
"Beneath thee are the everlasting arms."

#### KATE'S CARNIVAL.

The cold season had fairly set in, and eagerly did the young people of L—— village look forward to the edict that should go forth from the wise heads that vicinity pronouncing the ice strong enough upon their pretty river to allow the inauguration of their favorite sport.

To Christmas Eve their thoughts turned oftener, and many were the aspirations for fair weather, stout ice, and a strong master of their skating faires on that occasion. For did not a golden bracelet, direct from the great Tiffany's, await the happy girl whose swift feet should, forenoon, reach a certain goal? and a pair of sleeve-buttons, promised for similar prowess, glittered in the imagination of many a youth.

For two weeks before the skating carnival, everything went on well, and a good sheet of ice gave abundant opportunity for practice to the ambitious. There was no question, however, that among the girls, Kate Appleton had the fairest prospect, and Tom Leonard appeared to leave all of his competitors in the background, until one afternoon a formidable rival appeared, who bade Master Tom look to his laurels.

"From the city," whispered the gossip, when a stylish young man, with a seafaring cap and handsome fur edging his coat, darted in among the skaters, executing a variety of scientific curves that soon won for him a circle of admiring gazers.

"That is what they do at the 'Rink' in town," whispered Kate Appleton to Tom Leonard, who, a little disconcerted at so suddenly finding the wind taken out of his sails, skated off, hand in hand with Kate, at a little distance. "I saw them do those things when I was down there last winter. I think it lovely, Tom. I wish you had a cap like that."

"Perhaps you had a coat like that, and a moustache like that; and, in fact, could be changed entirely to some body like that," grimly observed Tom, releasing her hand.

"Now, Tom, don't be absurd! You know it is only that women like him, with a melting glance upward. "That is, at least, unless you are with me. I can not be afraid with such a strong hand as yours."

They panned on, and Kate felt that as all her glories were valueless as she stood there amid the preparations for the second match.

The skaters were off, and Kate observed, to her disgust, that among them was the stranger with the fair coat, whom she had not seen again, and whom she had hoped was far enough away from their quiet village.

And what was worse still, for the honor of the L—— Skating Club, it soon became evident that the self-same stranger had fair to eclipse all other competitors for the golden prize. His ease, unrefined, cais, and remarkable swiftness, astonished all the lookers-on.

Agnes was heard to declare that he was "sweet," even though she wore Tom's blue and orange cockade upon her cap, and Tom seemed in danger of losing his laurels.

As the turning-point was reached, and the race fairly began, all noticed that Tom Leonard put forth all his slimbering powers, and reaching the side of the fat-coated stranger, the two soon left the others far behind. The girls waved their handkerchiefs, the men shouted, and excitement reached its pitch, when the stranger suddenly lagging behind, Tom far ahead, and the race seemed decided beyond a doubt.

Tom turned to wave his cap rather mockingly, when, to his surprise, the stranger gave a bound forward, and was at the judges' stand a half dozen yards in advance of him.

Poor Tom felt disgruntled enough at being the victim of so common a ruse, especially as the young ladies nuted in showing favors upon the victor, and 'Squire Burton shook him by the hand, beaming with his stout stick a certain holy father prostrate at his feet, while one arm held him around her waist.

"Well, kiss and make it up, at any rate, my pretty Kate!"

"Never, you scoundrel!" a man's voice thundered behind them, and Kate had barely time to see the avoided Mephistopheles rush in between them when she fainted away. Returning consciousness brought to her view Tom Leonard, under the pointed cap and feather, beaming with his stout stick a certain holy father prostrate at his feet, while one arm held him around her waist.

"Kate, darling, are you better? Can you skate?" eagerly asked Mephistopheles, while poor little Folly summoned up her forces.

"Yes, Tom!"

"Well, stand still a moment, while I use these straps I have to buckle my friend's legs and arms together. You villain! wait until you see yourself kicked out of town by all the honest men of our neighborhood—if what I have given you isn't enough for you. Lie there now while I take this lady back to her friends, and then I'll attend to you."

"I shall freeze here! It was only a joke to frighten her," grasped the frightened man.

"A noble joke to play on a defenseless girl," said Tom, scornfully. "I think you'll find out that we are behind the times down here, if those are city manners, my fine fellow!"

Tom's arm remained unmolested around Kate's waist, as they skated back to the ground. He took her to her mother, among the folks on the bank, where Kate, whispering her story, soon found an occasion to be driven home. Tom's side of the story was meanwhile abbreviated as much as possible, soon roused all the young men of the village, and it was with difficulty that Tom reserved for himself the great satisfaction of leading his enemy before the impudent court, hastily formed upon the river bank, where his sentence was passed.

Riding ingloriously upon a rail in his monk's costume next day, amid the broad sunshine, and escorted by a village rabble, the distinguished Mr. Lane took leave of the scene where his brief career that night.

Kate rebelled indignantly against this arrangement, but could not very well make public her reasons. Her only consolation lay in the thought that Tom Leonard would feel doubly piqued and delighted at the spectacle of his successful rival bearing the girl whom, for years it had been well known he was wooing. Poor Kate! Tom had not given her a look all day, and it was hard work to smile and exchange gay words with her young companion, while her thoughts busied themselves continually with that recreant knight. Vanquished as he was, she could not but admire the good-natured and manly air with which he bore himself. Indeed, Tom Leonard's pluck was so well established as a fact, that nobody ever questioned that.

About eight o'clock the river bank wore a gay appearance, as the maskers began to assemble. Huge bonfires lit the scene, and colored lanterns, hung upon long poles, danced to and fro in the air. Every variety of vehicle, including ox-carts, well lined with straw and buffalo robes, disgorged a merry crew upon the banks. Douino and hawk hastily assumed their skates, and soon the crystal bosom of the stream was alive with gaiety. A scream of merriment here and there announced some detection, but for the most part the disguises were well sustained. Kate Appleton in a "fairy" dress, with "ring on her fingers, and bells on her toes," made music wherever she went. As she skinned lightly about, whispering tormented allusions, and asking puzzling questions in everybody's ear, she thought, with great glee, that it was impossible any one should detect her, her dress having come direct from New York only the week before, and no one person in the village except her mother being in her confidence.

Kate's quarrel with Tom kept him at a distance from her that evening, and the next afternoon, upon the skating-ground, he was devoted to Agnes, Kate's cousin and rival.

So matters went on till Christmas Eve, and Kate had made up her mind that Tom had "gone off for good" this time, and of course she had never cared so much for him.

The day of the carnival dawned very bright and clear, and the sun put on his best face for the occasion. The skating-matches were to come off in the afternoon, and at eight there was to be a torchlight procession on the ice, the skaters all in mask and domino.

Arrayed in a janny costume of scarlet and blue, looking as pretty as she alone of all the village girls could look, Kate Appleton appeared on the scene of the contest. "Play aux domes" was the rule in that polite neighborhood, and the young ladies' skating-match came first. After an exciting race, Kate distanced all the others, and, flushed and breathless, came up to the judge stand to receive her prize.

As old 'Squire Burton bent his shaking hands to clasp the handsome bracelet upon her pretty round arm, and took the liberty of kissing the dainty hand as he did so, there were not a few who envied him, and, for a wonder, all agreed that she deserved both reward and compliment.

The young men flocked around to do her homage, and Kate felt as happy as a little queen, until she saw Tom Leonard slowly down the bank, skates on her arm and Agnes leaning on the other. They passed so close to her—apparently not perceiving her, that she was forced to catch a few words of their conversation as they walked by.

"A monk's dress, with a white cross upon the breast, Agnes," Tom said; "be careful not to mistake."

"I'll not forget, Mr. Leonard," Agnes coquettishly; "and here we are, just in time to congratulate Kate upon her bracelet. Are you not delighted that she won?"

"I am glad you are not one of the star-skaters," Agnes, replied Tom in a tender tone. "I don't like to see women for ever making exhibitions of themselves. Of course, Miss Appleton is in her element."

"Oh! I'm too timid to venture much, you know, Mr. Leonard," said Agnes with a melting glance upward. "That is, at least, unless you are with me. I can not be afraid with such a strong hand as yours."

They panned on, and Kate felt that as all her glories were valueless as she stood there amid the preparations for the second match.

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So matters went on till Christmas Eve, and Kate had made up her mind that Tom had "gone off for good" this time, and of course she had never cared so much for him.

Among all the maskers who had followed her, she had vainly endeavored to detect him. Mephistopheles, with pointed cap and curling feathers, several times drew him near her without speaking, and at last Kate made up her mind that this was he, and turned upon him the coldest shoulder she could assume.

A nun passed her, and in her timid movements and affected swaying of the arms, Kate recognized Agnes.

"Ah! I have it!" she thought to herself. "A monk's dress, with a cross upon the breast. That must be Tom, and he is to match Agnes, of course, of course. I will take him to avoid him."

Arrived in a janny costume of scarlet and blue, looking as pretty as she alone of all the village girls could look, Kate Appleton appeared on the scene of the contest. "Play aux domes" was the rule in that polite neighborhood, and the young ladies' skating-match came first. After an exciting race, Kate distanced all the others, and, flushed and breathless, came up to the judge stand to receive her prize.

As old 'Squire Burton bent his shaking hands to clasp the handsome bracelet upon her pretty round arm, and took the liberty of kissing the dainty hand as he did so, there were not a few who envied him, and, for a wonder, all agreed that she deserved both reward and compliment.

The young men flocked around to do her homage, and Kate felt as happy as a little queen, until she saw Tom Leonard slowly down the bank, skates on her arm and Agnes leaning on the other. They passed so close to her—apparently not perceiving her, that she was forced to catch a few words of their conversation as they walked by.

"A monk's dress, with a white cross upon the breast, Agnes," Tom said; "be careful not to mistake."

"I'll not forget, Mr. Leonard," Agnes coquettishly; "and here we are, just in time to congratulate Kate upon her bracelet. Are you not delighted that she won?"

"I am glad you are not one of the star-skaters," Agnes, replied Tom in a tender tone. "I don't like to see women for ever making exhibitions of themselves. Of course, Miss Appleton is in her element."

"Oh! I'm too timid to venture much, you know, Mr. Leonard," said Agnes with a melting glance upward. "That is, at least, unless you are with me. I can not be afraid with such a strong hand as yours."

They panned on, and Kate felt that as all her glories were valueless as she stood there amid the preparations for the second match.

The skaters were off, and Kate observed, to her disgust, that among them was the stranger with the fair coat, whom she had not seen again, and whom she had hoped was far enough away from their quiet village.

And what was worse still, for the honor of the L—— Skating Club, it soon became evident that the self-same stranger had fair to eclipse all other competitors for the golden prize. His ease, unrefined, cais, and remarkable swiftness, astonished all the lookers-on.

Agnes was heard to declare that he was "sweet," even though she wore Tom's blue and orange cockade upon her cap, and Tom seemed in danger of losing his laurels.

As the turning-point was reached, and the race fairly began, all noticed that Tom Leonard put forth all his slimbering powers, and reaching the side of the fat-coated stranger, the two soon left the others far behind. The girls waved their handkerchiefs, the men shouted, and excitement reached its pitch, when the stranger suddenly lagging behind, Tom far ahead, and the race seemed decided beyond a doubt.

Tom turned to wave his cap rather mockingly, when, to his surprise, the stranger gave a bound forward, and was at the judges' stand a half dozen yards in advance of him.

Poor Tom felt disgruntled enough at being the victim of so common a ruse, especially as the young ladies nuted in showing favors upon the victor, and 'Squire Burton shook him by the hand, beaming with his stout stick a certain holy father prostrate at his feet, while one arm held him around her waist.

"Well, kiss and make it up, at any rate, my pretty Kate!"

"Never, you scoundrel!" a man's voice thundered behind them, and Kate had barely time to see the avoided Mephistopheles rush in between them when she fainted away. Returning consciousness brought to her view Tom Leonard, under the pointed cap and feather, beaming with his stout stick a certain holy father prostrate at his feet, while one arm held him around her waist.

"Kate, darling, are you better? Can you skate?" eagerly asked Mephistopheles, while poor little Folly summoned up her forces.

"Yes, Tom!"

"Well, stand still a moment, while I use these straps I have to buckle my friend's legs and arms together. You villain! wait until you see yourself kicked out of town by all the honest men of our neighborhood—if what I have given you isn't enough for you. Lie there now while I take this lady back to her friends, and then I'll attend to you."

"I shall freeze here! It was only a joke to frighten her," grasped the frightened man.

"A noble joke to play on a defenseless girl," said Tom, scornfully. "I think you'll find out that we are behind the times down here, if those are city manners, my fine fellow!"

Tom's arm remained unmolested around Kate's waist, as they skated back to the ground. He took her to her mother, among the folks on the bank, where Kate, whispering her story, soon found an occasion to be driven home. Tom's side of the story was meanwhile abbreviated as much as possible, soon roused all the young men of the village, and it was with difficulty that Tom reserved for himself the great satisfaction of leading his enemy before the impudent court, hastily formed upon the river bank, where his sentence was passed.

Riding ingloriously upon a rail in his monk's costume next day